

# Learning to Love Again

by WonderstruckWithDisney

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Summary: Merida gets out of a slightly messy breakup to realize that she isn't broken. Just a little bent, but she is determined to find love again. (yeah, I got inspiration from "Just Give Me A Reason"...)

## 1. Chapter 1

A/N: Hi! This is my first Brave fanfic...I'm kinda excited! Although I am a slight Merricup shipper, I'm even more of a MeriGuffin shipper..heh. Anywhoo, I also wanted to mention that I am not Scottish nor do I have any Celtic roots, so in my attempt to not kill the accent, I'm writing in plain English. (kinda wondering how I'm gonna write MacGuffin's Doric...) Anyways, on with the show!

Disclaimer- I don't own Brave, or HTTYD...although that'd be sweet.

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><p>"I can't take it anymore, Hiccup," Merida shouted to her beau of several years. She began to pace around her bedroom where she and Hiccup were arguing. "All you talk about in your letters anymore is how 'Astrid this, Astrid that, oh look Astrid almost axed me today!'" The 22-year-old ginger huffed in frustration, tugging violently at the ends of her curly, messy hair.<p>

"Merida, I can't help it! I see her all of the time! When I'm not here in the summer, studying in the Highlands, I'm with Astrid and Toothless and all of the other Vikings.

"Why do we even keep this up? We barely see each other, let alone talk. I don't even feel like I know you anymore. " The lanky Viking looked down to Merida, his olive eyes not meeting her light blue ones.

"We've been at 'this' since we were seventeen. Don't you think we've invested a bit too much time in our relationship to just rid of it?" Merida asked, her eyes softening.

"Yes. But I'm through. You think you've had enough? I've had enough!" Hiccup gestured to himself, huffing angrily. "I am sick and tired of your merciless whining." Hiccup stated, exiting the bedroom.

Merida instantly regretted her decision to confront Hiccup during his summer trip to Scotland. She'd been wanting to talk to him for a while, and her mom, Elinor, had suggested she have a heartfelt chat with him.

Well, just look how lovely this "chat" has turned out to be, Merida thought to herself.

She grabbed his leather-padded shoulder, but Hiccup just shrugged off her slender hands and kept walking. Merida followed him through the corridors, saline tears streaming down her face.

"Please, don't leave!" Her voice cracked, her round, orb-like eyes shining bright with tears.

Hiccup stopped abruptly at the DunBroch castle entrance. He spun around on his prosthetic foot, his eyes a steely, cloudy green.

"You once said you wanted your freedom. Now-" Hiccup hesitated for a moment when he saw the pitiful look on Merida's face. He almost considered running back to her, embracing her tightly in one of her famous bear hugs, but then remembered Astrid. His Astrid. He regained his composure as he finished his final statement. His eyes were tired.

"...now you've got it," Hiccup spat emotionlessly. He turned back around, walking briskly without another word, and mounted his dragon, Toothless, who was waiting outside. And with that, the Night Fury and his rider were gone.

Merida crumpled softly to the ground, becoming a small heap of hair, dress, and tears. Her body was racking with heavy, silent sobs when she heard light footsteps approach. It was her mother. Elinor knelt down, covering Merida with her arms.

"I heard the whole thing, and it's okay," Elinor whispered softly, her voice soothing. Merida began to calm down, and she slowly regained her breath. She took deep breaths as her mom looked into her eyes. "Love isn't easy, and it sure can be painful. Here," Elinor said, getting up and reaching a hand out to her daughter, "let's get washed up."

Merida took her mother's hand, and she sniffed a little. "Mum, I dunno what's gotten into me. I've never cried so much before, or at least since..." she trailed off, recalling the bear incident. Elinor smiled softly, wrapping her arms around her young daughter. "Even though I never courted like you did, I do know what it's like, to feel like you've lost your chance at love. When I was told that there was to be a competition for my hand in marriage, I was flabbergasted. Utterly ruined. I locked myself in my room, crying for

hours on end."

Merida looked at her mom, her face flat. "Mum, that's not helping."

"You didn't let me finish," Elinor continued. "Even though I felt trapped, I went on. Some stupid boys wouldn't bring my spirit down. And who knew? The games went on, and Fergus won, and well, you know the rest." The brunette giggled to herself as Merida let out a huff. "...and the point is?" Merida questioned.

"The point is," Elinor said, "you shouldn't get too frazzled over Hiccup. There are many fish in the sea, bears in the land, boys in the world..." Elinor stated. Merida rolled her eyes, a tiny smile tugging at her lips. "I...suppose you're right. I guess I just don't remember what it feels like to be unattached, ironically enough." Merida recalled the debacle that had ensued when she went against her mother's wishes when she was told to be betrothed to a boy from either the MacIntosh, Dingwall, or MacGuffin clan.

Which reminded her. "Mum, isn't Allan MacIntosh getting married?" Elinor stopped, with a questioning look on her face. "Yes, yes he is..Why do you want to know? You told me you weren't going because..."

"Of Hiccup," Merida said. "But since that's not the case anymore, do you think I could go? Y'know, get some fresh air, I hear West Scotland is lovely this time of year. Besides, Kane and Dillion will be there." Elinor recalled the names of Kane Dingwall and Dillion MacGuffin, as they were friends and pen pals of Merida, as well as Allan. "Yes, you can go, dear, but you'll have to start packing, as Fergus and I are to leave in two days' time for the trip there."

"Alright! Thanks mum!" Merida ran to her room, as she pulled out dresses and garments to take on her trip. As she was packing, she noticed something out of the corner of her eye. There, laying on the top of her bed was a notebook.

Hiccup's notebook.

Merida took a deep breath, grabbing the leather bound, ragtag book with one hand, recalling all of the memories she shared with Hiccup, designing battle armor, clan insignia, and weapons together until the crack of dawn. There was a lump in her throat as she stroked the cover softly. "No," she scolded herself, "I won't let him get the best of me." She decided to pack the journal with the rest of her things. Who knows, Merida thought. She might see him at the wedding, somehow.

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><p>So..what do y'all think? Should I continue? Readfavorite/review! Thanks so much!

PS- Allan means handsome in Celtic, Kane means intelligent, and Dillion means...faithful. I'll leave you guys with that ;)

God bless!

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*A/N:** Here's chapter two! I'm kinda busy with school and all, so I can't promise that I'll update consistently, but I'll try my best to keep up with the story! Thanks so much for the follows, favs and reviews, and God bless!\*\*

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><p>Dillion MacGuffin was in his personal quarters of the vast ship he and his da were taking to West Scotland. He'd been on the ship for only a few hours now, and unlike his normal, sea-legged self, he couldn't wait to get back onto terra firma. Right before embarking on the journey to the MacIntosh clan for his good friend Young MacIntosh's wedding, he'd received a letter from Merida.<p>

\_Merida, \_Dillion thought. Just thinking of her seemed to make his big heart pound. Laying on top of the stiff bed inside his small room, he pulled out the letter, rereading it to himself once more.

In scraggly, almost rushed handwriting, Merida delivered a message to Dillion that was short, sweet, and to the point, much like the writer herself.

\_Dearest Dillion (ha, I'd never call anyone Dearest, but your name's Dillion so I can't help it,)\_

\_I've got news. Change of plans-I'm going to Allan's wedding. I'll explain why when I see you. \_

\_Your friend, Merida\_

Yes, it was only three lines, but they warmed Dillon's heart immensely. As much as he was happy, he was also curious. What-or \_who, \_Dillion thought-made Merida change her mind so abruptly about attending Allan's wedding. He'd remembered how she had bluntly told both Kane Dingwall and him how she wasn't going to the wedding because of-

Hiccup. \_That'd been it, \_Dillion assumed. \_Och, it must've been rough on her, \_Dillion thought to himself, already knowing that Hiccup and Merida must've split. Recently. From the letters that Merida had sent him, Hiccup was clearly a person that had meant a lot to the princess of the Highlands. Over the years Dillion read about the triumphs, losses, stories, and dragon-training that Hiccup and Merida shared. She even once sent a sample painting of Hiccup to him.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was a lanky youth their age, but seemed very much the opposite aesthetically, as Dillion was practically \_ginormous\_ with muscle (he'd lost his chubbiness thanks to all of his expert caber tossing), had a trim beard, hay-colored hair, and round blue eyes.

But anyways, back to Hiccup. Merida always seemed to find something praise-worthy of the scrawny Viking, and basically spent every waking moment with him during their summer trips, her time spent exclusively with the olive-eyed boy-er, man.

Thinking through his rush of thoughts, Dillion couldn't help but feel selfish. Yes, Merida was finally unattached once more, but Dillion pointed out that she must feel miserable, as the split must not have been on her part. Dillion then decided he would just be a comfort to Merida, if that would even be possible. After all, they hadn't seen each other since Merida had turned eighteen, and many a year had passed since the fiery reed lass had seen the bumbling heir of clan MacGuffin, face to face. Would she be the same, or would things be, well, awkward, despite their never ending correspondence? Would she think of Dillion now as more than a friend?

So many questions ran through Dillion's head, and he could bear to think of them all.

"Och, I'm just kiddin' meself," Dillion huffed to himself, in the solitude of his quarters, and he tucked away the letter, now crumpled from his firm grip, and just lay on his cot, listening to the sounds of burly men chatting in the deck above.

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><p><strong>PS to Brown Eyed Skye- I'm also a Merricup shipper (I blame Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons) but then I also love MeriGuffin :- ) thanks for the review!<strong>

End  
file.